# French Revolution

## Paris 1972

I beat on my drums as the next aristocrat steps cautiously up the stairs to meet their fate of the guillotine. I try not to think about it, but the reality of so many deaths gets to me every now and then. The metallic smell of blood and rotting bodies fills my nostrils, making me have a strong urge to vomit, but I hold it down and try to focus on my drums. People of the town cheer loudly, while we all yell “death of the aristocrat! Long live the Republic!” I try not to think too much about the dead people, or the spluttering blood. They were bad people anyway, serves them right. But somehow, the vivid images of heads and guillotines fill my dreams, making me toss and turn every night.

I know I shouldn’t feel sorry for the aristocrats; they did indeed do some horrible things. But this mass public execution is making me sick. The next victim of the guillotine is a little boy, probably only ten years old. The fear in is eyes is so big I cannot bear to watch. His sobbing mother is held back in the old horse cart, screaming for mercy. The smell of blood and the sight of heads, and distraught people is too much for me now. I don’t know how much more I can take.